10¢ No. 41
FOUR COLOR COMIC

DELL PUBLISHING PRESENTS

Mother Goose and NURSERY RHYME COMICS

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •

Rock-a-Bye Baby

Rock-a-bye, baby, on
the tree top;

When the wind blows, the
cradle will rock;

When the bough
breaks, the
cradle will fall;

Down will come
baby, and
cradle, and all.

MOTHER GOOSE and NURSERY RHYME COMICS, No. 41—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

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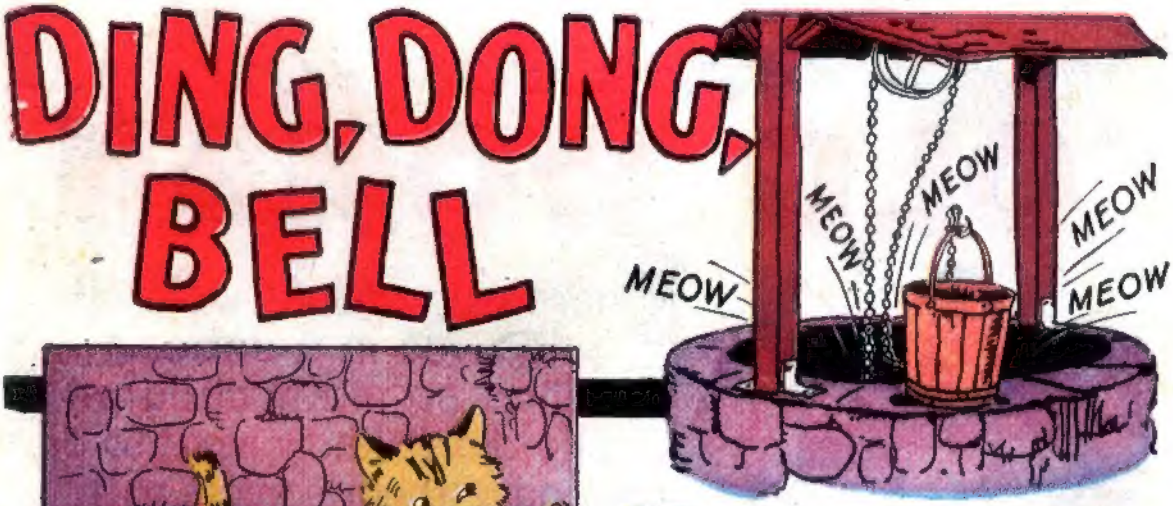
There was an
OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth
without any bread,
Then whipped them all soundly
and sent them to bed.

NROS-414

DING, DONG, BELL



Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.

Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.

Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.

What a naughty boy
was that

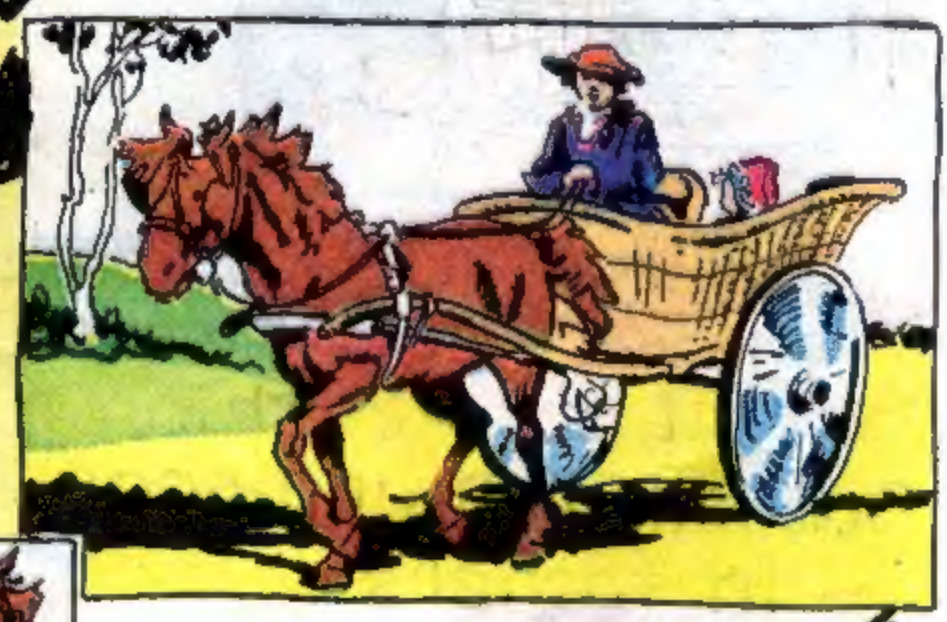
To try to drown poor
pussy cat,

Who never did him
any harm,

But killed the mice
in father's
barn.

RIDE, BABY, RIDE

Ride, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-
dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy-cat
tied to the other,

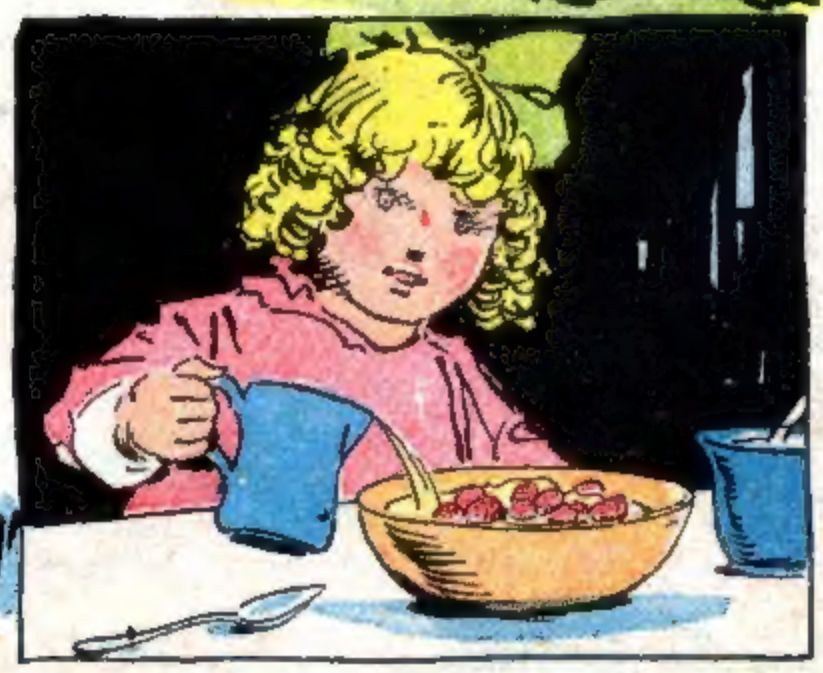


And away she shall ride to
see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

CURLY LOCKS, CURLY LOCKS

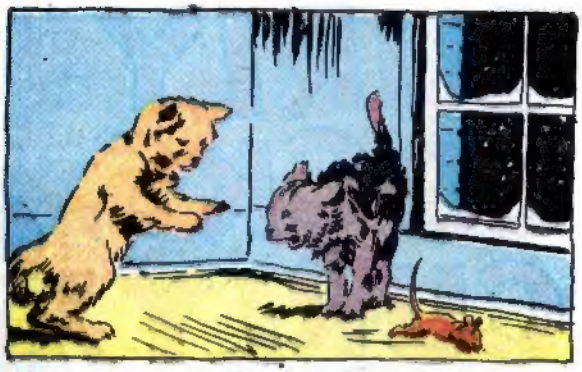
Curly Locks, Curly Locks,
Wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,

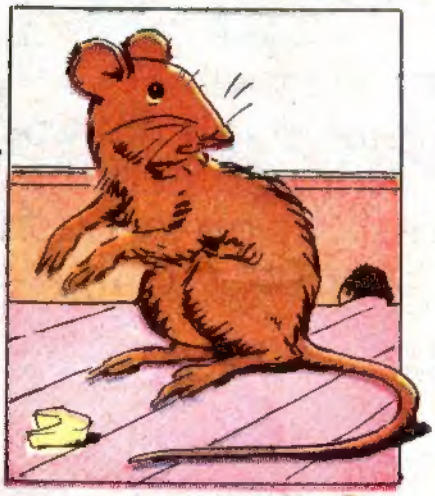


And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS



Two little kittens, one
stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the
other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel
begun.



"I'll have that mouse," said
the biggest cat
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse,"
said the eldest son.
"You shan't have that mouse,"
said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a
stormy night
When these two little kittens
began to fight;

The old woman seized her
sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens
right out of the room.

The ground was covered
with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens
had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on
the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished
sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as
quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow,
and cold as ice,
For they found it was better,
that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to
quarrel and fight.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
"Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full;

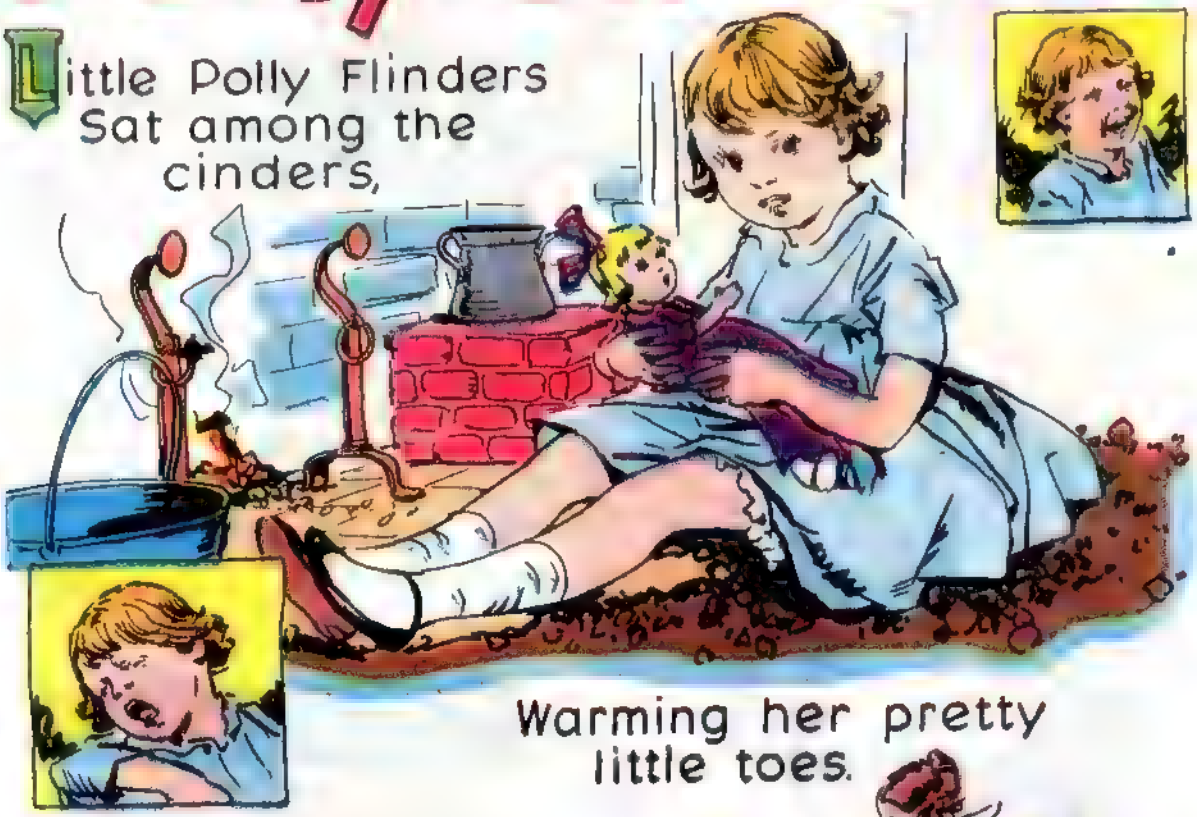
One for my
master,

And one for
my dame,

And one for the
little boy
Who lives in
the lane."

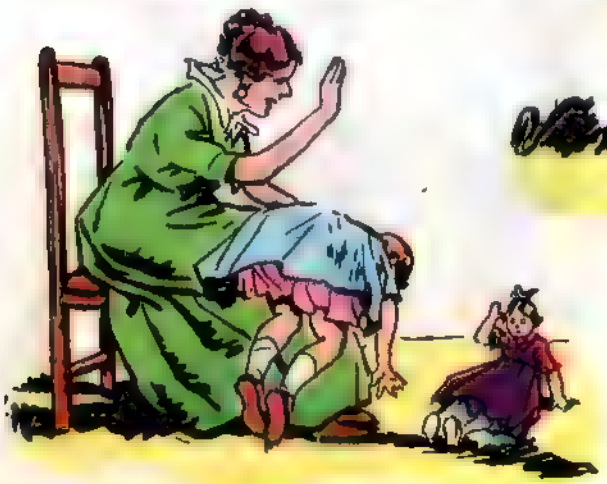
Polly Flinders

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the
cinders,



Warming her pretty
little toes.

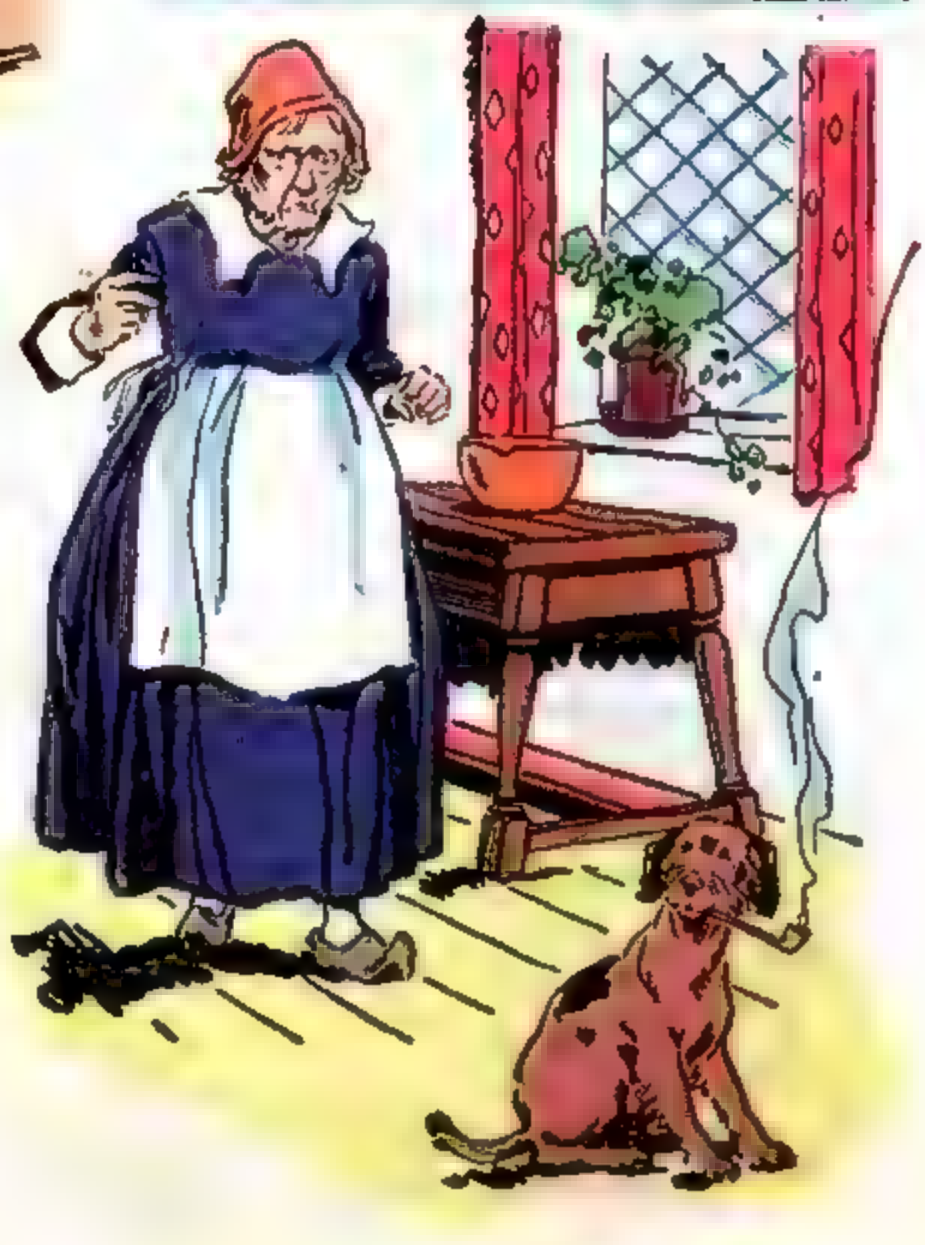
Her mother came
and caught her,
And whipped her
little daughter



For spoiling her nice
new clothes.

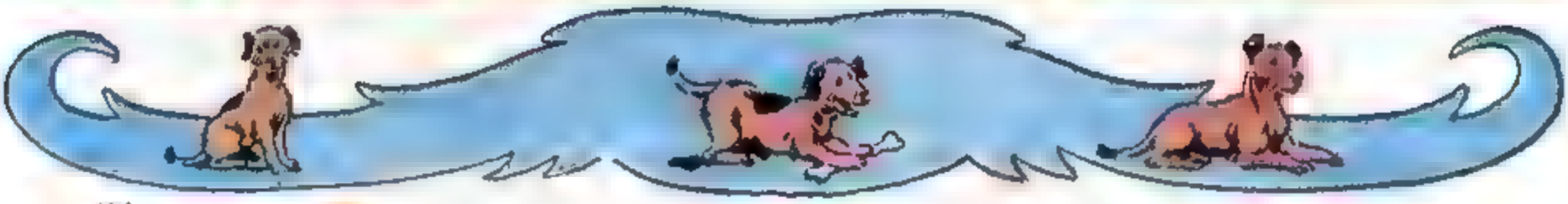
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog
a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog
had none.



She took a clean dish
To get him some
tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking
a pipe.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



She went to the
barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came
back
He was dancing
a jig.

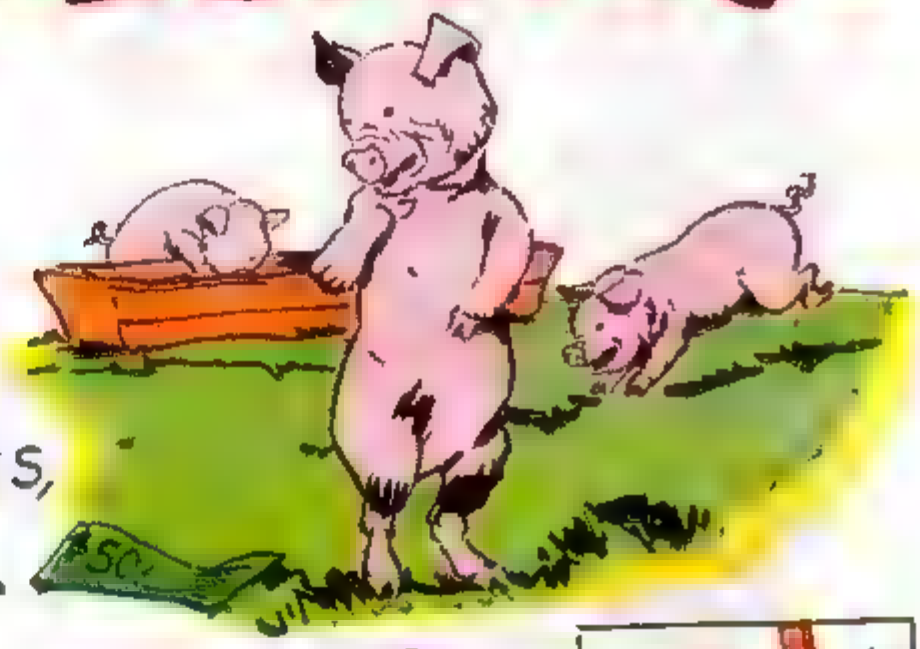
The dame made a
curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said,
"Your servant."
The dog said,
"Bow, wow!".

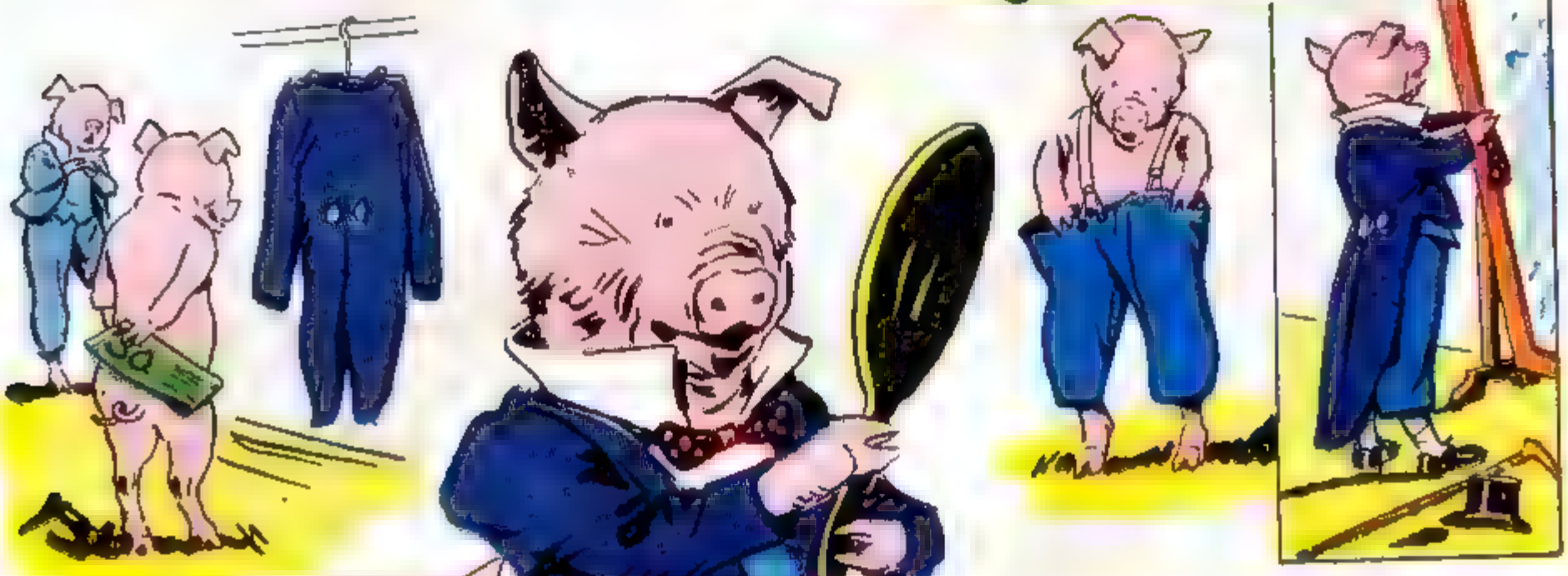
This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's
delight;
He could sing, he
could dance,
He could read, he
could write.

She gave him rich
dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a
monument
When he was dead.

A Little Pig Found a Fifty Dollar Note

A little pig found a
fifty-dollar note,
And purchased a hat and
a very fine coat,
With trousers and stockings,
and shoes;



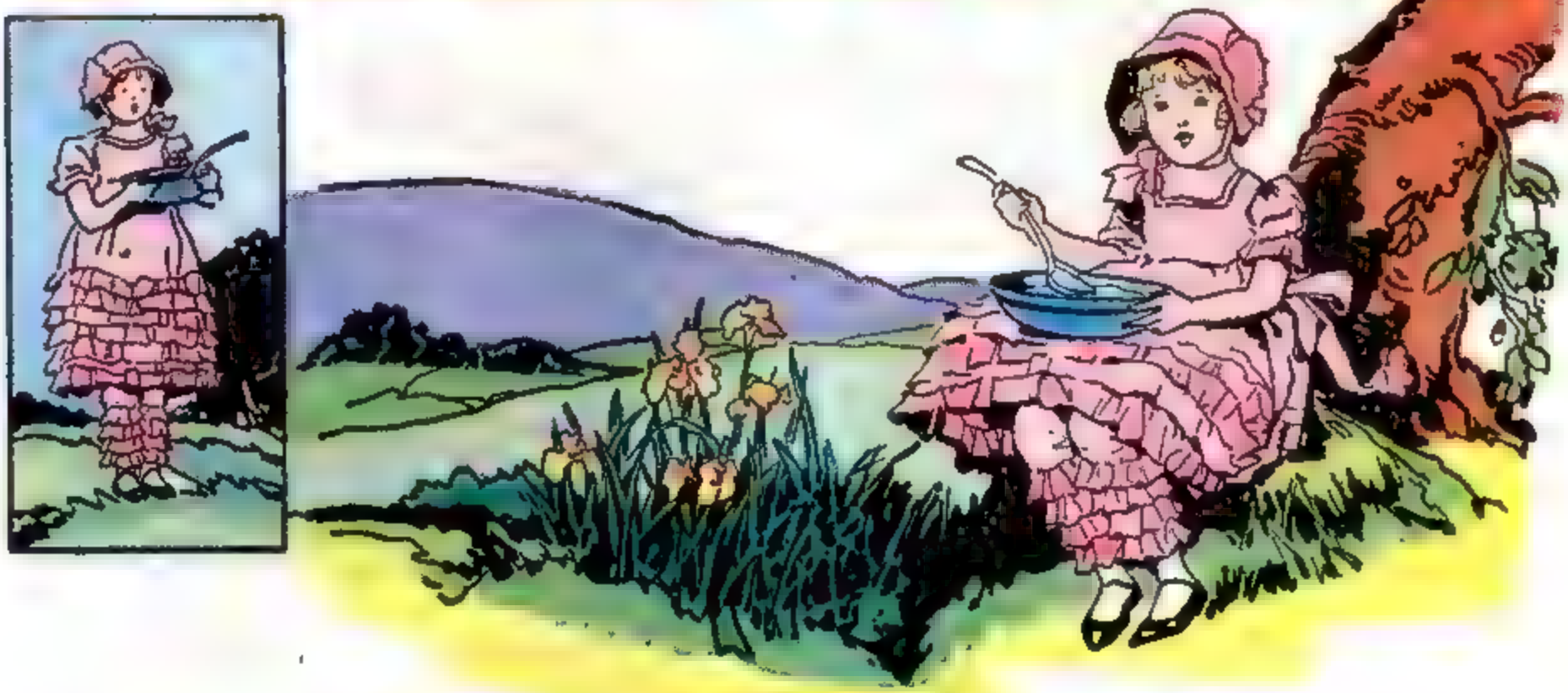


Cravat, and shirt collar, and
gold-headed cane;
Then, proud as could
be, did he march up
the lane;
Says he, "I shall hear
all the news."

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie runs
through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
in his nightgown;
Rapping at the window,
crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds,
for now it's eight o'clock?"

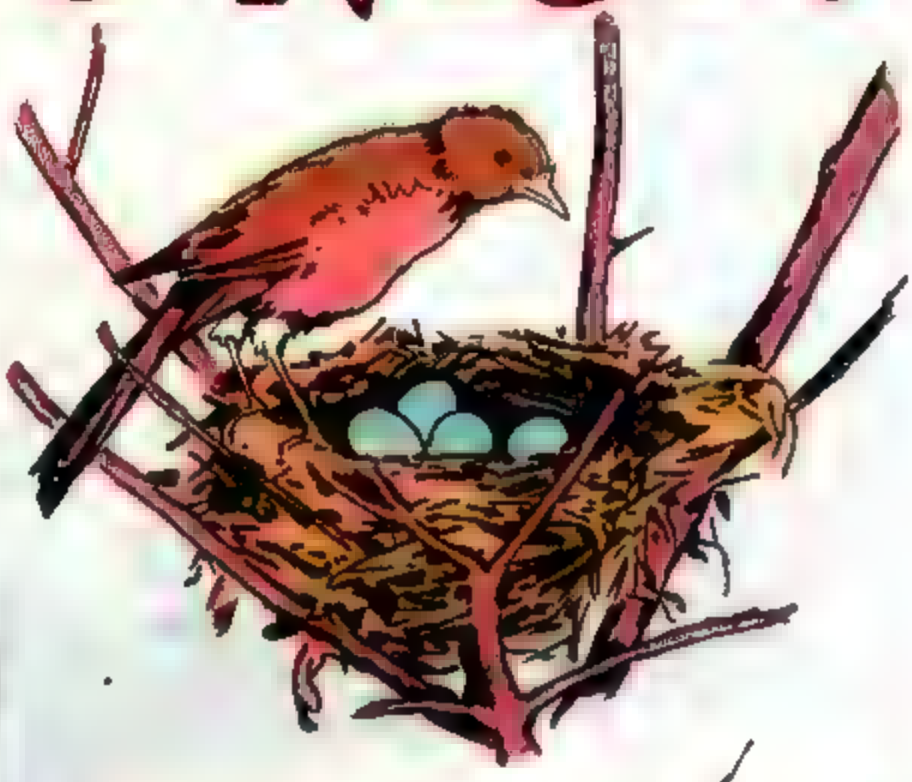
LITTLE MISS MUFFET



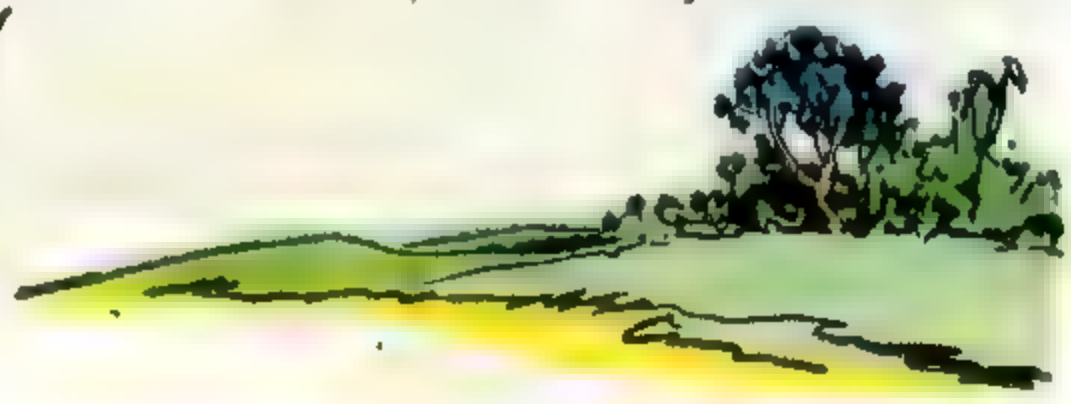
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and
whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet
away.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

To-whit! To-whit! To-wee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs
I laid?
And the nice nest
I made?

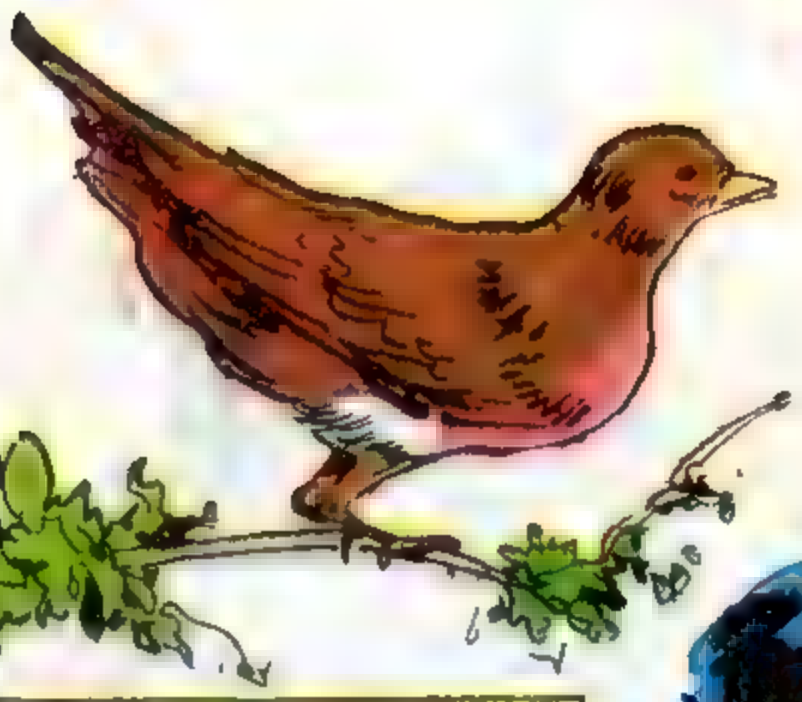


Not I, said the cow,
moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a whisp of hay,
But did not take your
nest away.

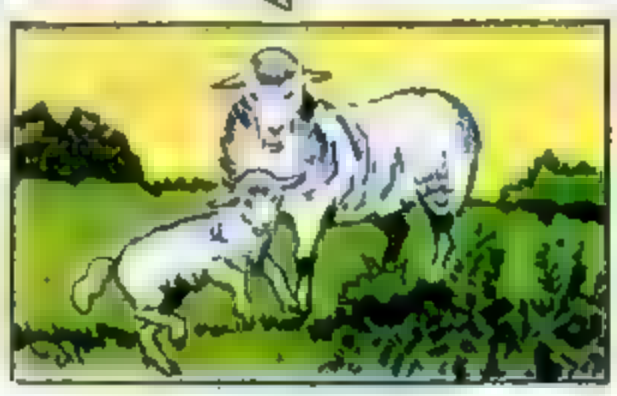


Not I, said the dog,
bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean,
I vow.
I gave some hairs the nest
to make,
But the nest I did not
take.

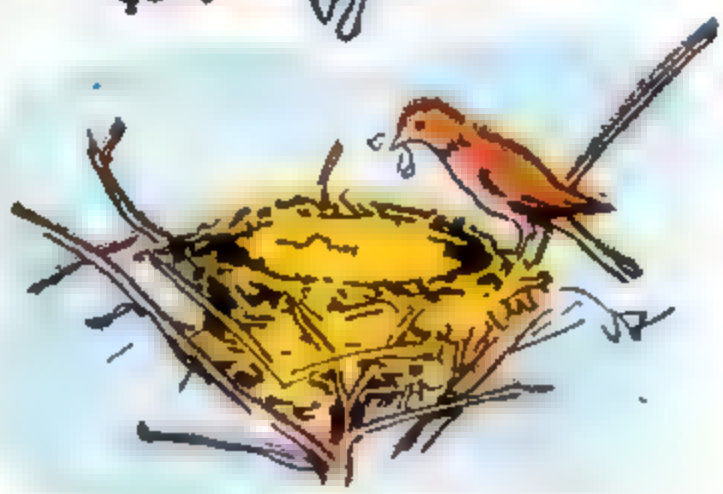
Not I, said the dog,
bow-wow!
I would not be so
mean, I vow.

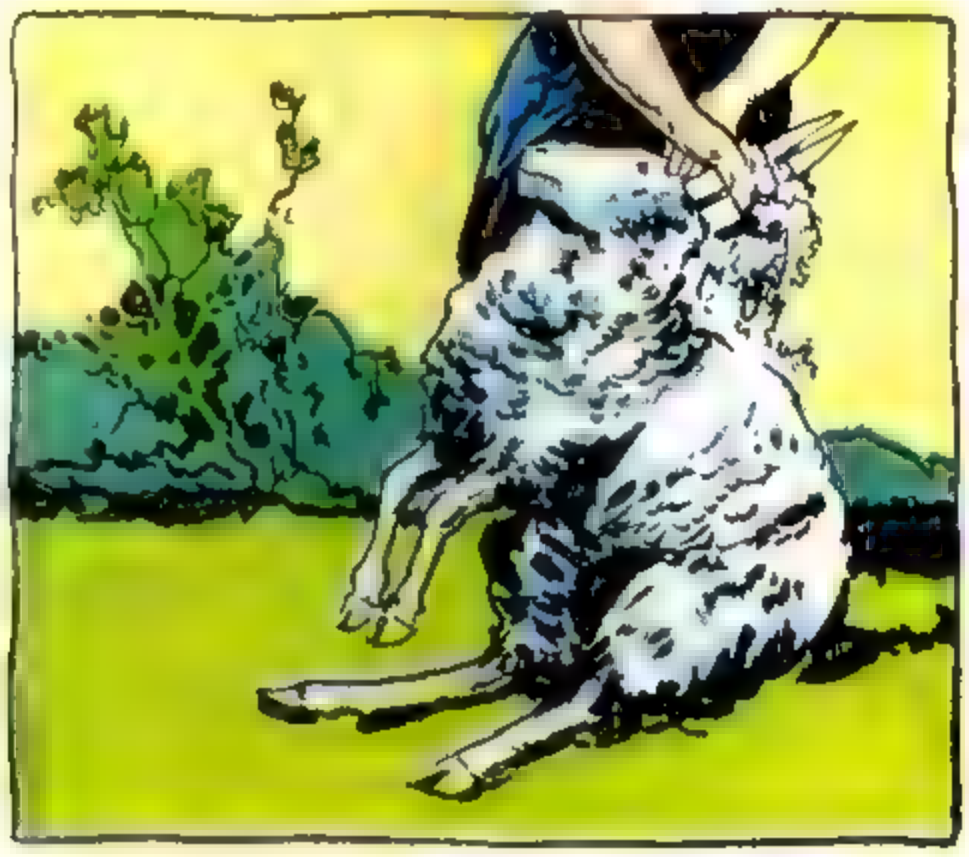


Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word
or two:
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Robin
Redbreast?



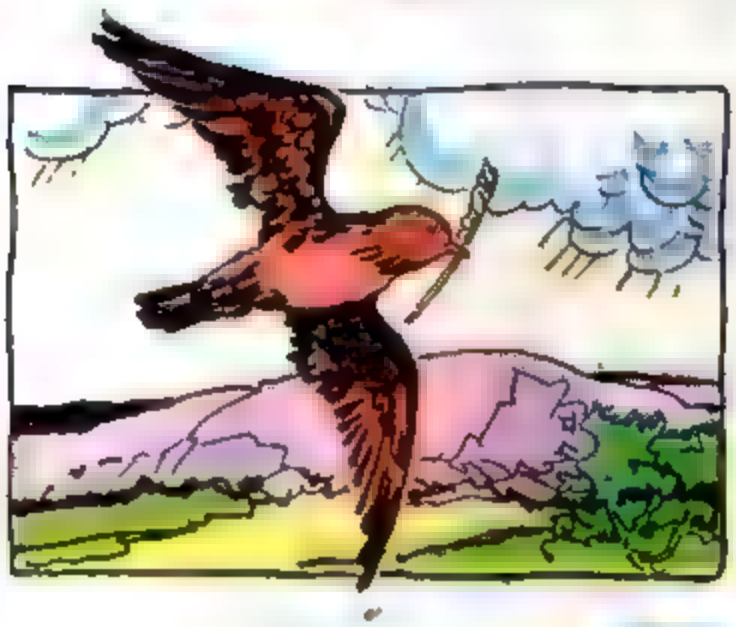
Not I, said the sheep,
oh, no,
I would not treat a
poor bird so;
I gave the wool the
nest to line,
But the nest was none
of mine.





Baa! Baa! said the
sheep, oh no!
I would not treat a
poor bird so.

Cluck, cluck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

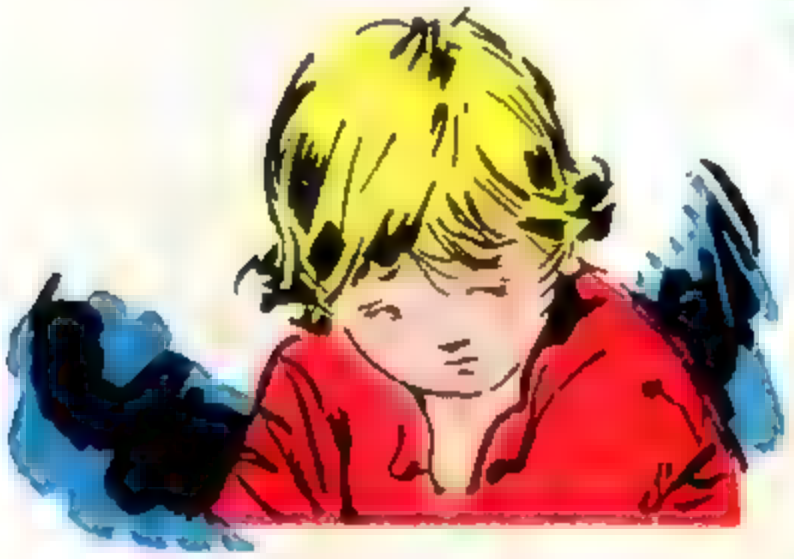


We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck, cluck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir.
Let us find out his name,
And all cry—For shame!

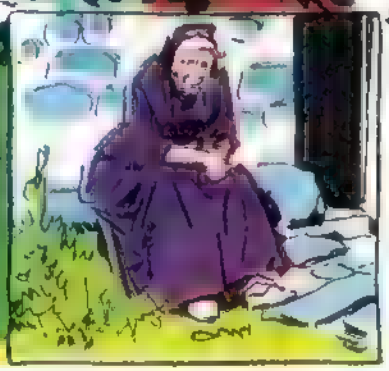
A little boy hung down
his head.
And went and hid behind
the bed;



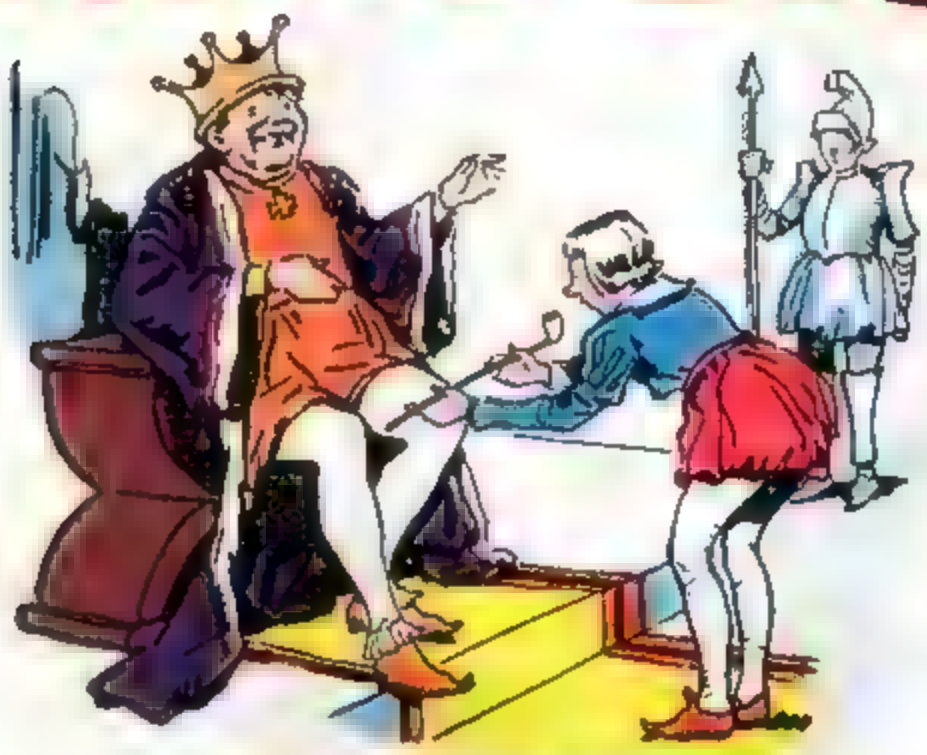
For he stole that pretty
nest
From little Robin
Redbreast;
For he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell
his name.

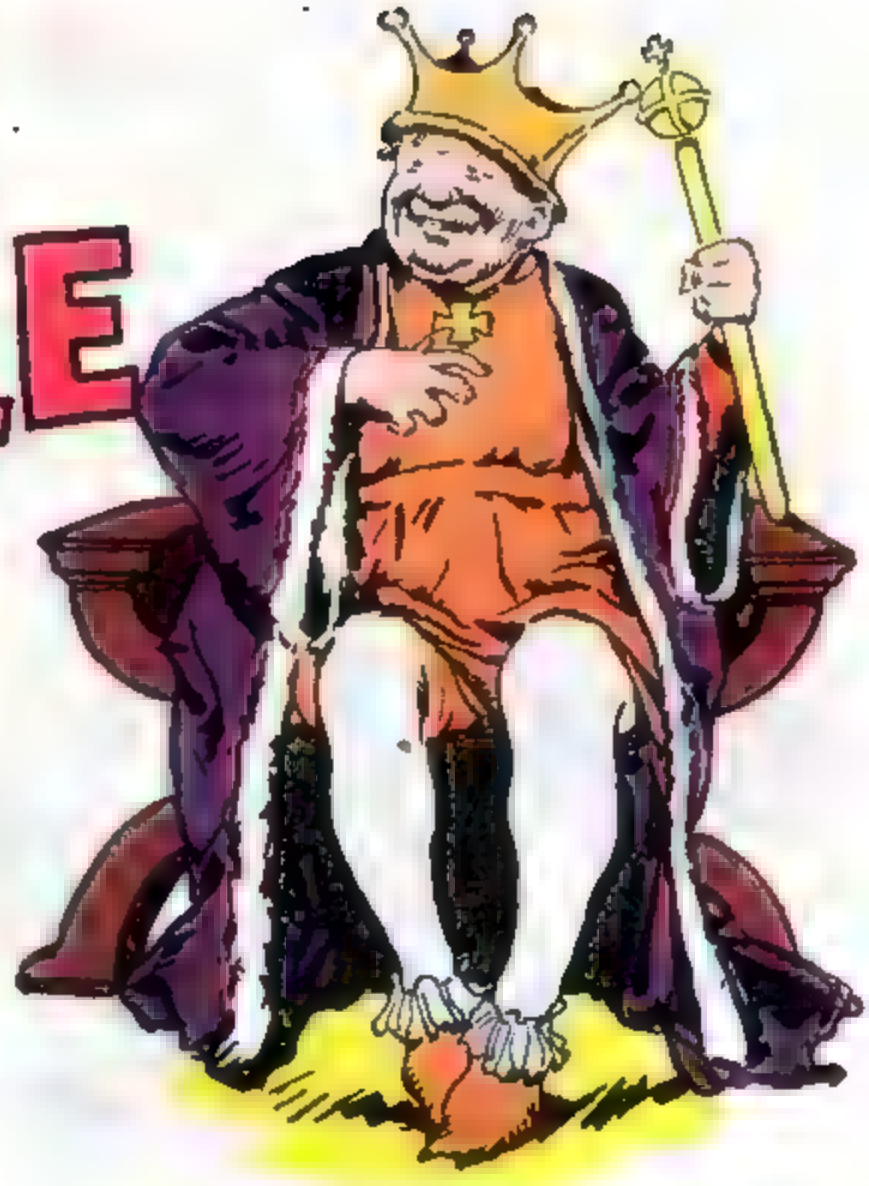
The Old Woman

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone
she lives there still.



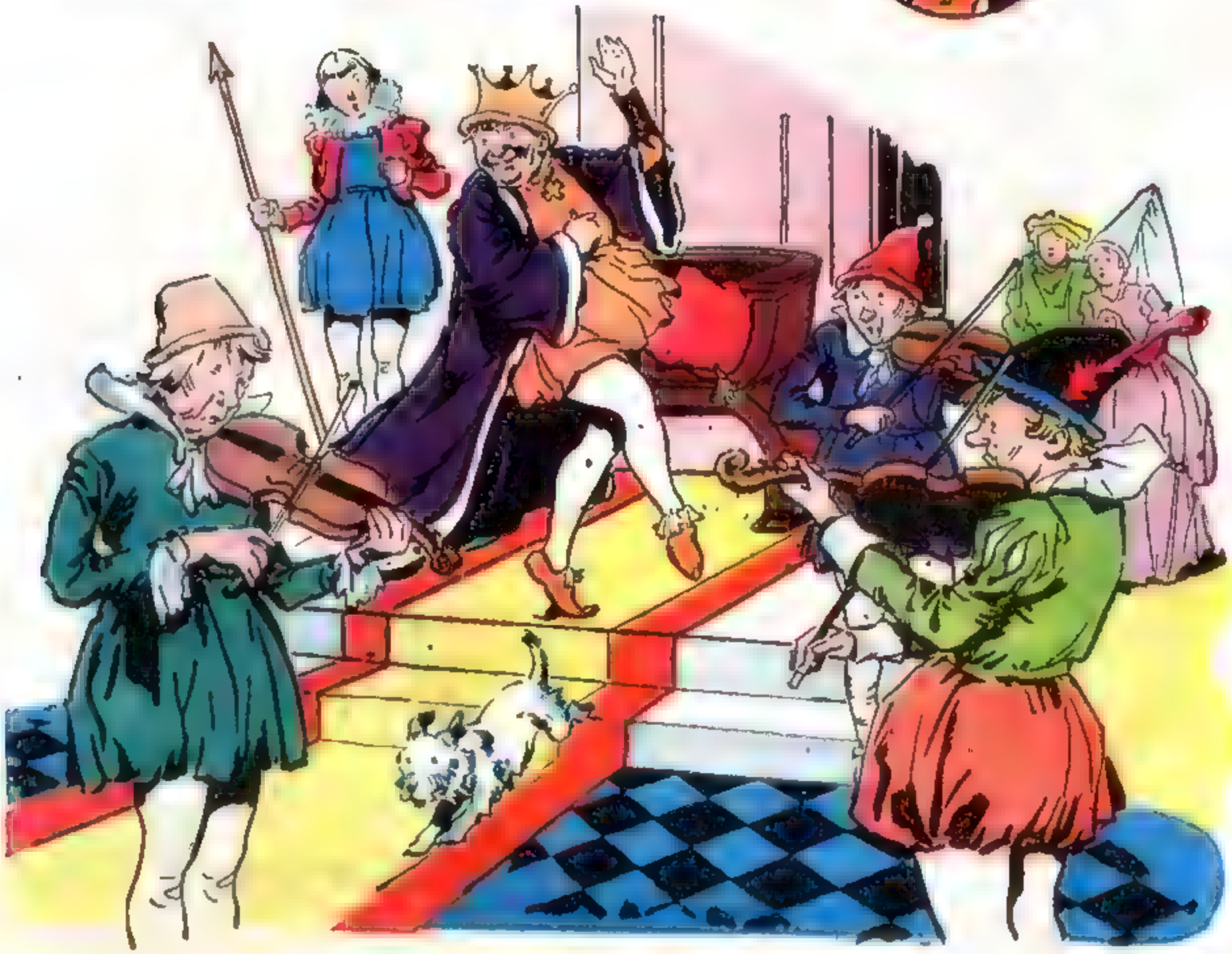
OLD KING COLE



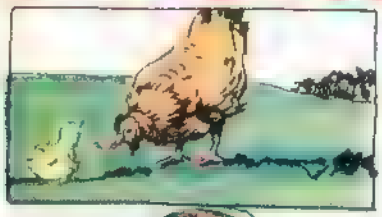


Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers
three!

Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
"Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,"
went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his
fiddlers three.



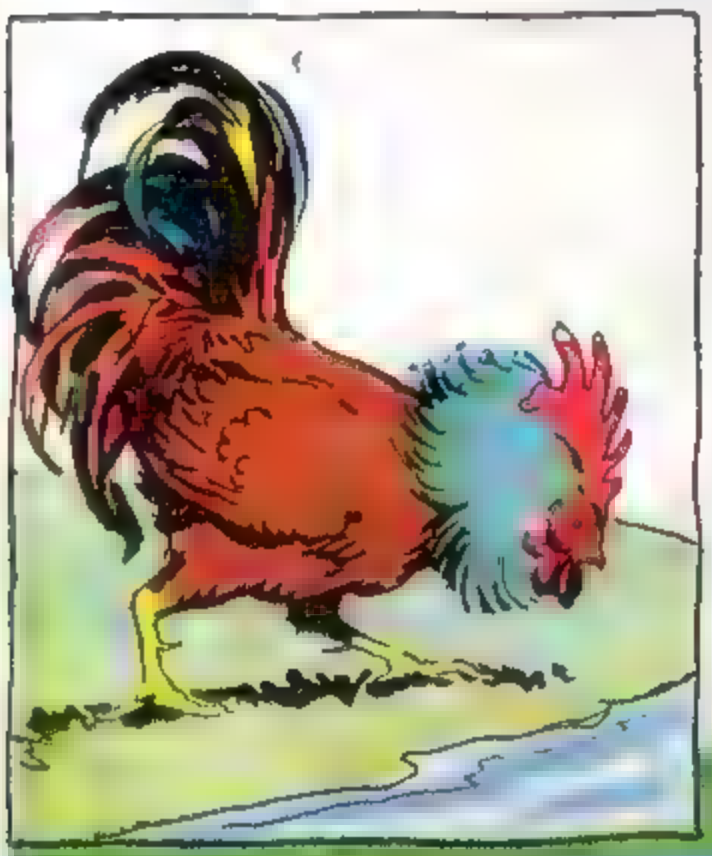
A LITTLE COCKEREL



A little cockerel, pert and vain,
Grown strong and fierce by eating grain,
The only pet of mother dear,
Would brook no other cockerel near;

Whenever other cockerels crowed,
You'd think with rage he'd soon explode.

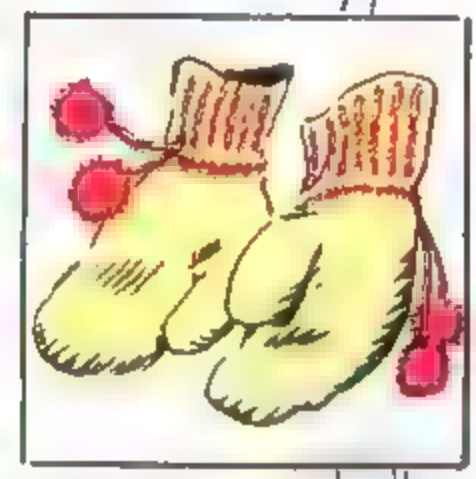
One day a pond he
chanced to pass,
And glancing in, as
in a glass,
He saw himself reflected
there.



He paused an instant
just to stare;
Believing that a foe
he'd found,
Straight in he dashed and
almost drowned.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

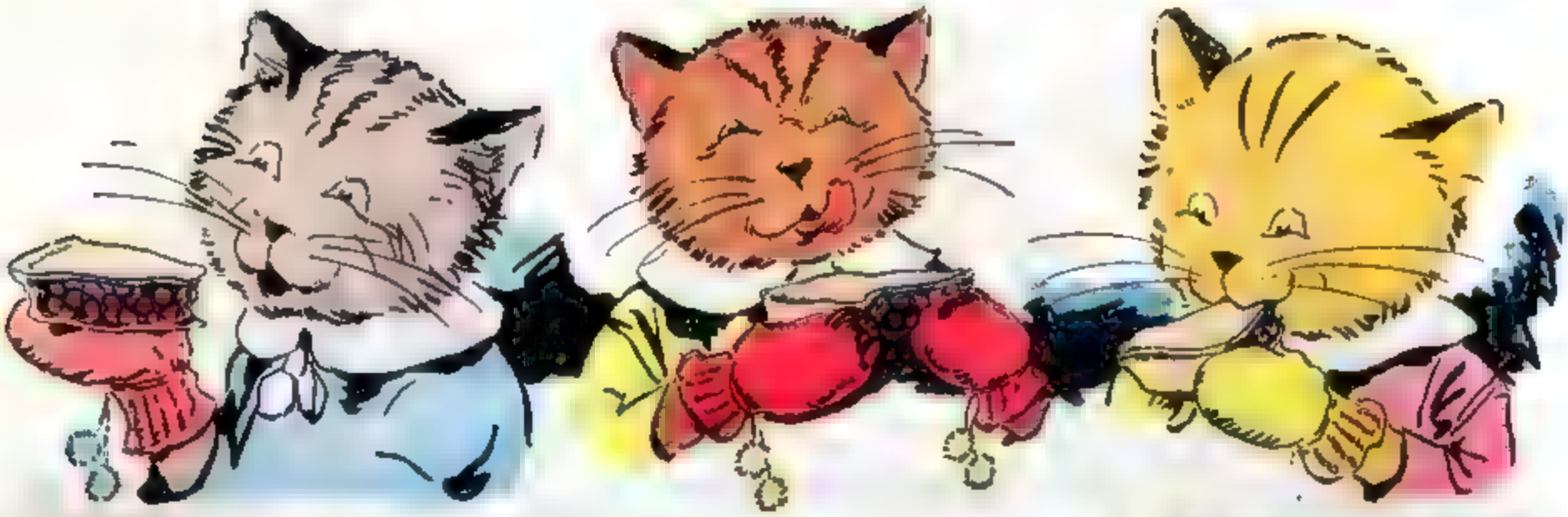
Three little kittens, they
lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we nave
lost!"



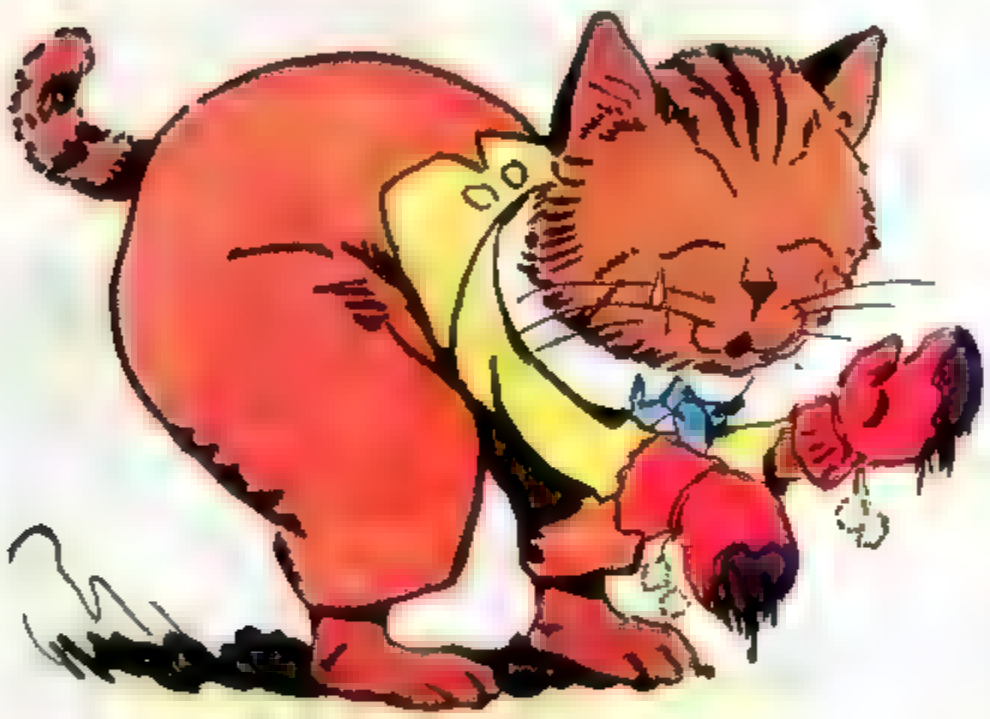
"What! Lost your
mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have
no pie."
'Miew, miew, miew, miew,
miew. miew. miew. miew."

The three little kittens, they
found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have
found."

"What! found your
mittens,
You little kittens,
Then you shall have
some pie."
"Purr, purr, purr, purr,
purr, purr, purr, purr."



The three little kittens put
on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;

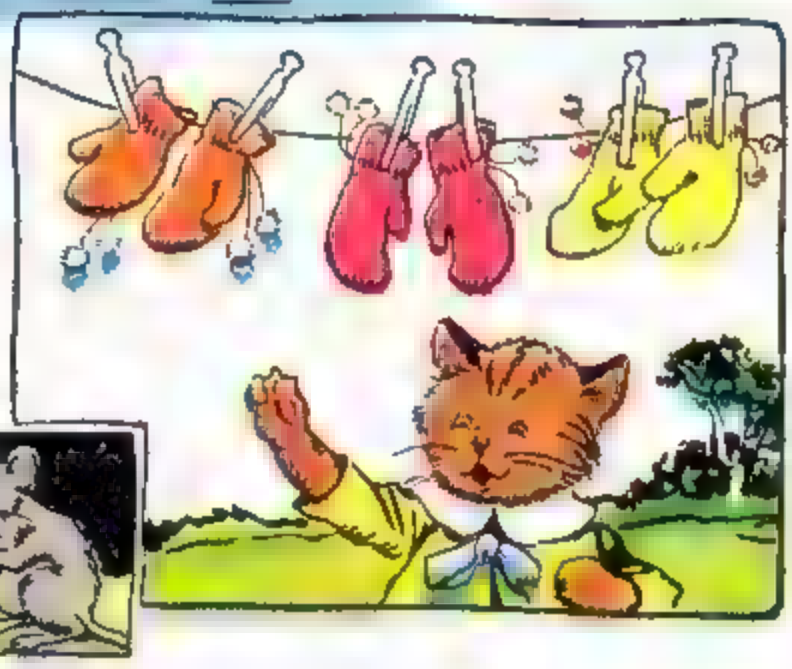


"Oh, mammy dear,
We greatly fear,
Our mittens we
have soil'd."

"What, soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"

Then they began to
sigh,
"Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew."

The three little kittens, they
washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.
"Oh, mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have
wash'd."



"What! wash'd your
mittens,
You darling kittens!
But I smell a rat
close by!
Hush! hush!" "Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew."

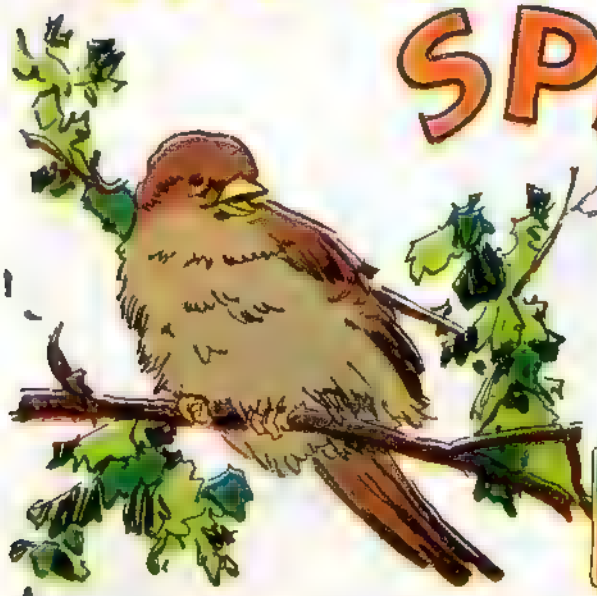
Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come
blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn.
Where is the little boy that
looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack,
fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I!
For if I do he's sure
to cry.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

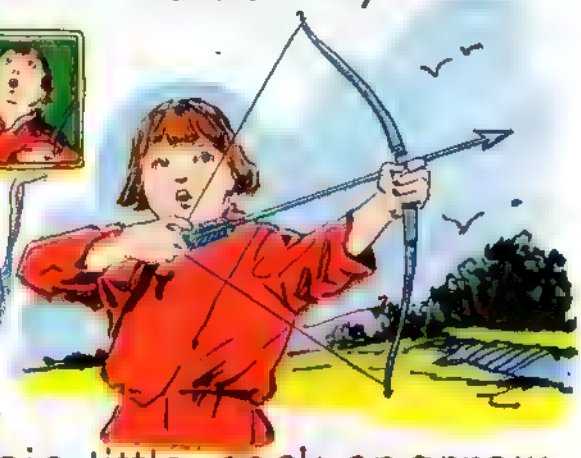
Hey, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

THE LITTLE SPARROW



A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow;

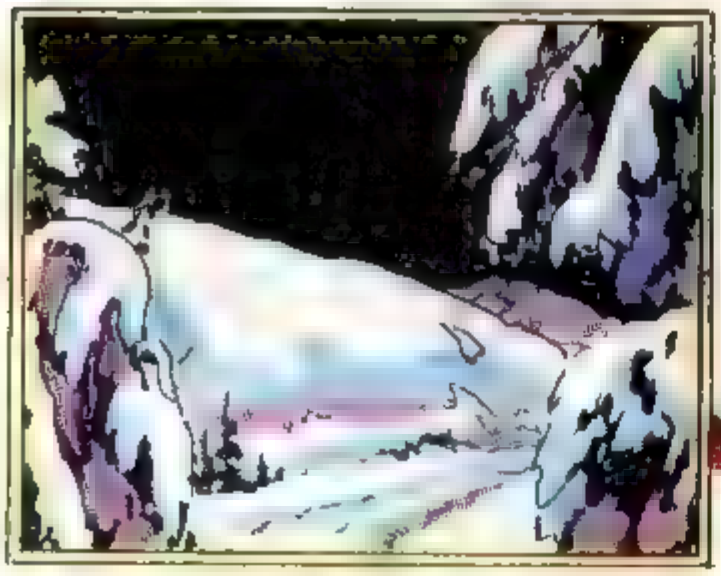


"This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too."

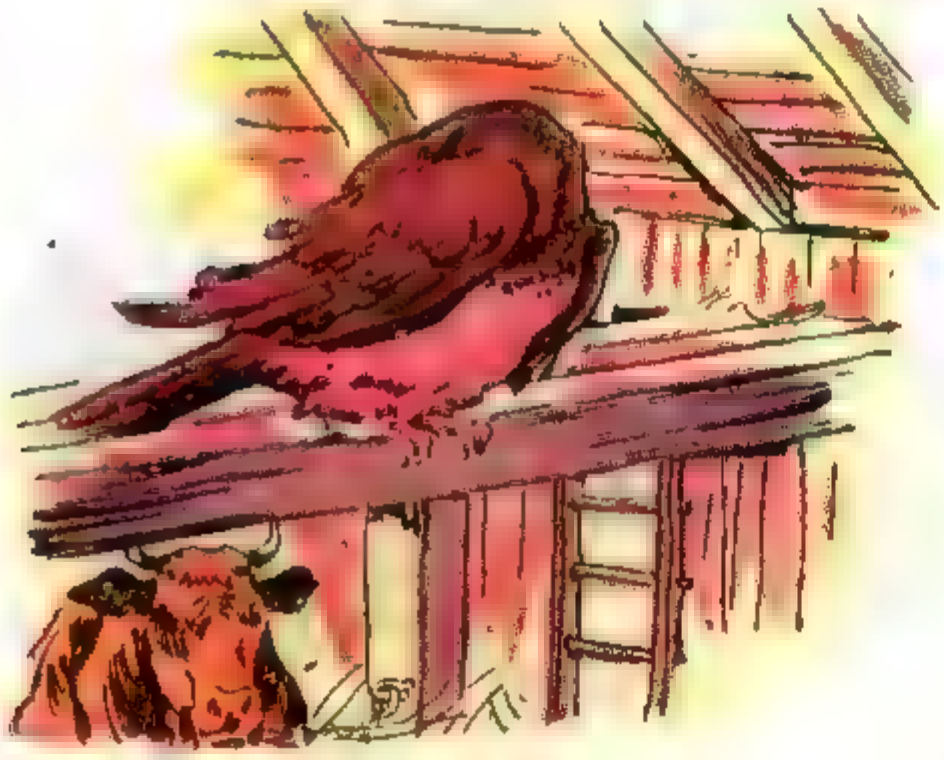
"Oh, no," said the sparrow,
"I won't make a stew."
So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

The North Wind

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,



And what will Poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!



He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself
warm,
And hide his head
under his wing,
Poor thing!

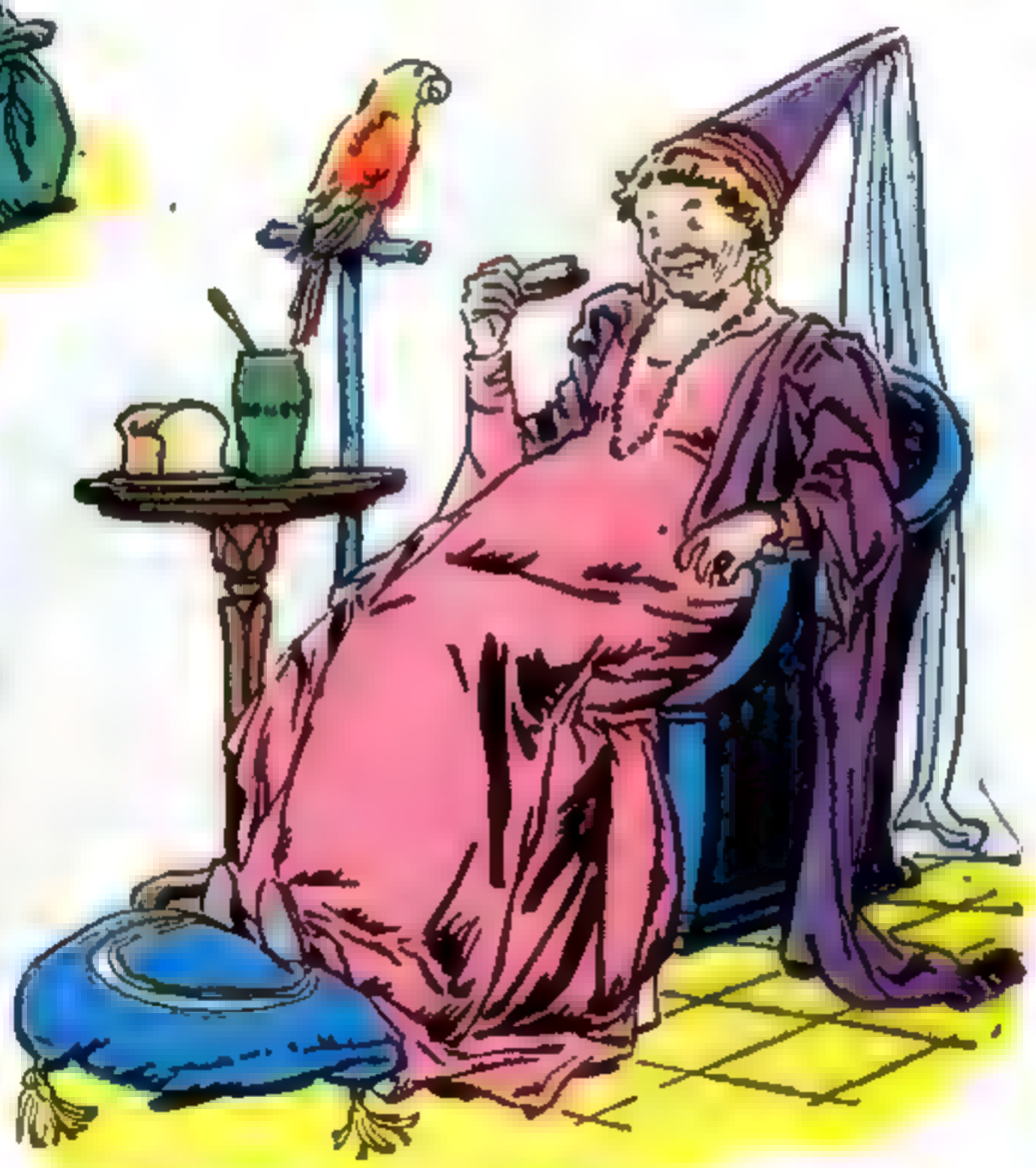
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of
sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty
blackbirds
Baked in a pie!

When the pie was
opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty
dish
To set before the King?

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

The King was in his
counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the
parlor
Eating bread and honey.



The maid was in the
garden
Hanging out the
clothes;
When down came a
blackbird
And snipped off
her nose.

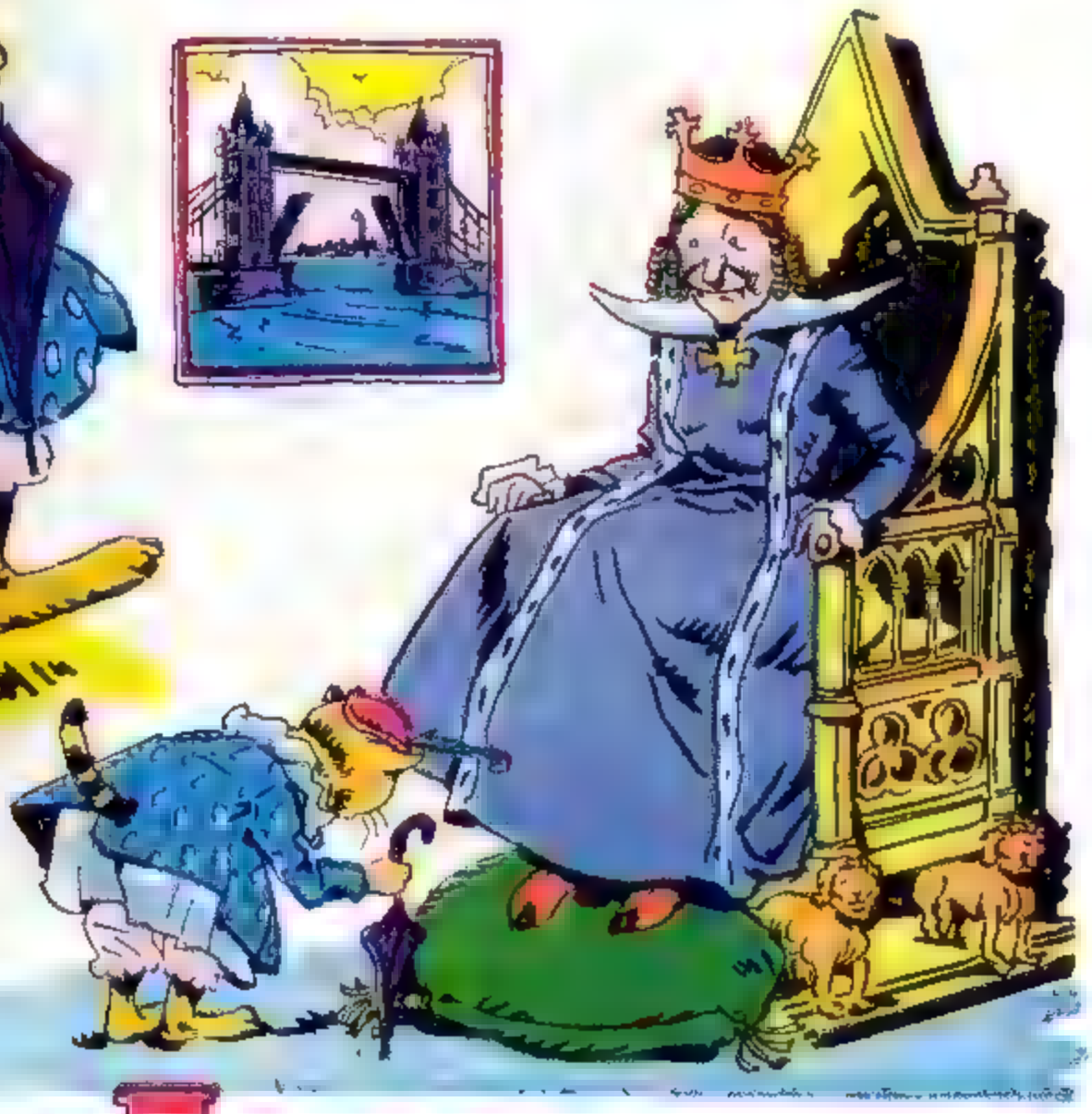
A DILLAR, A DOLLAR

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come
so soon?

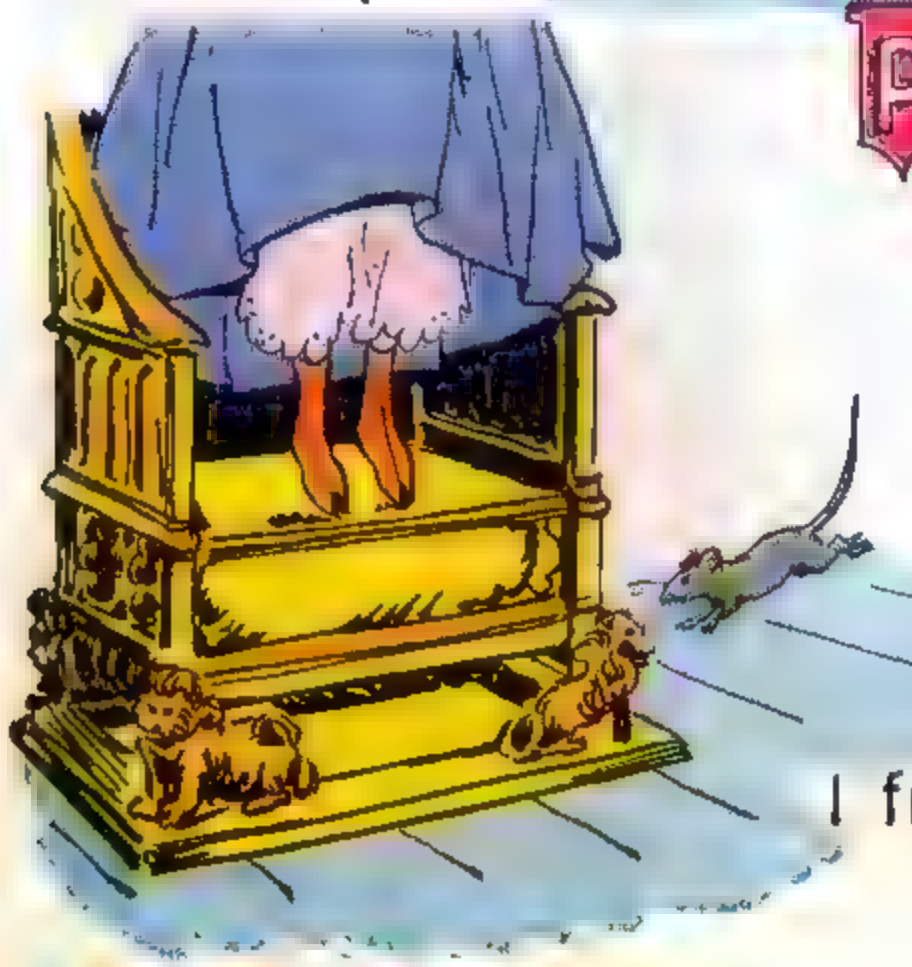
You used to come
at ten o'clock,
But now you come
at noon.

PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
where have you been?



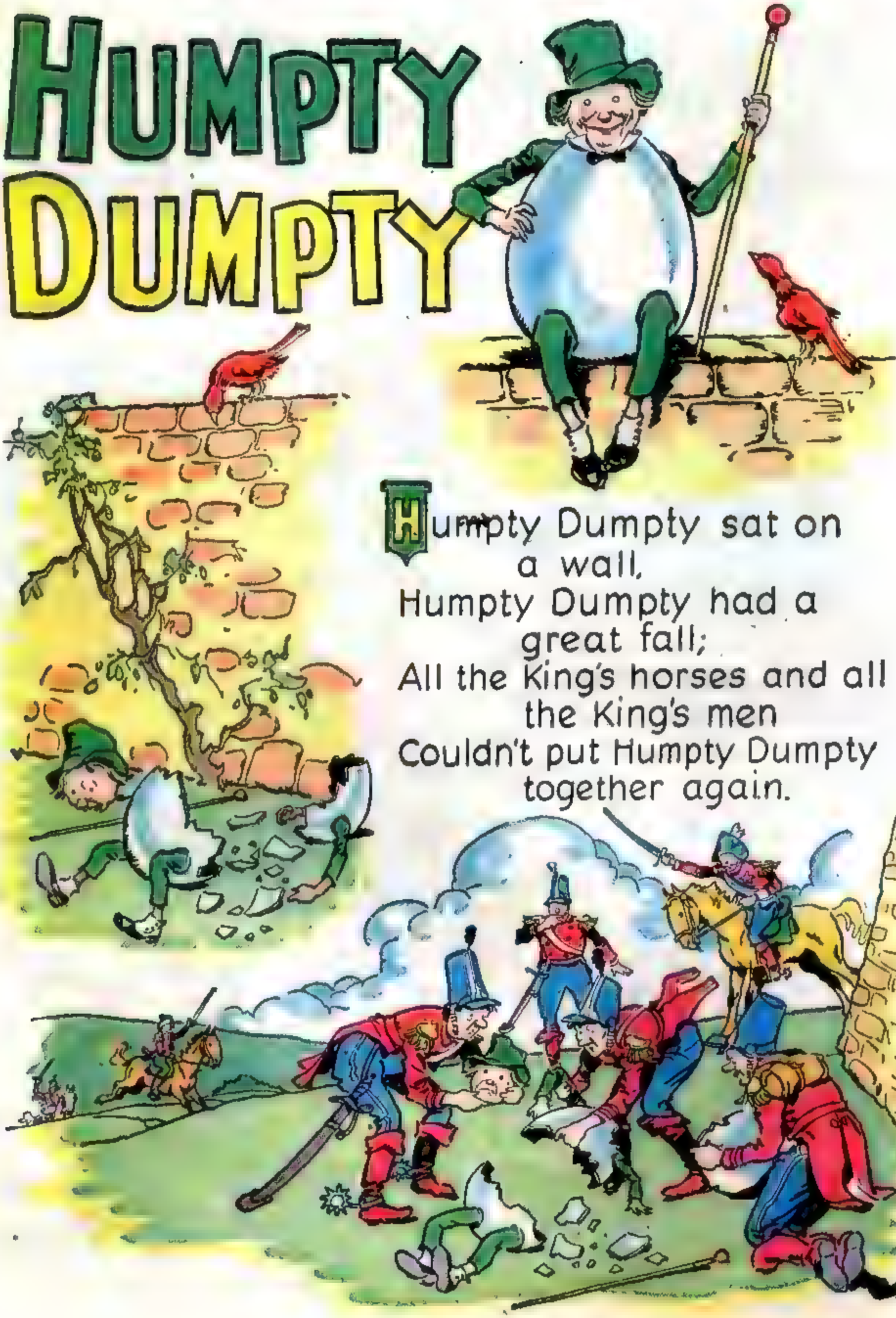
I've been up to
London to look
at the queen.



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
what did you there?

I frighten'd a little mouse
under the chair.

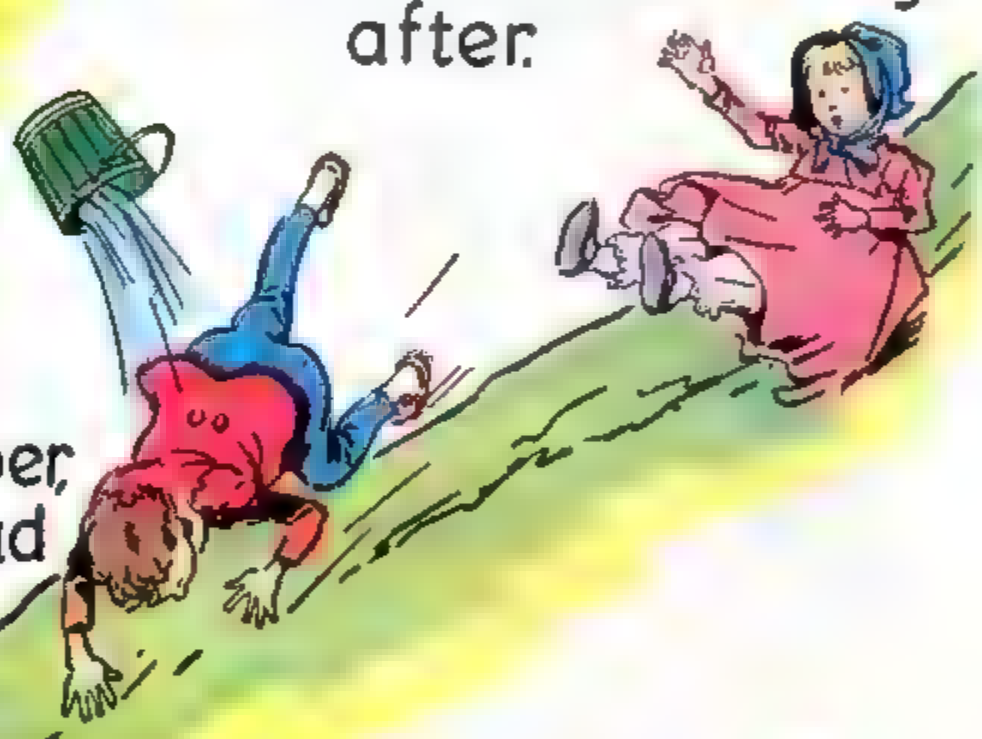
HUMPTY DUMPTY



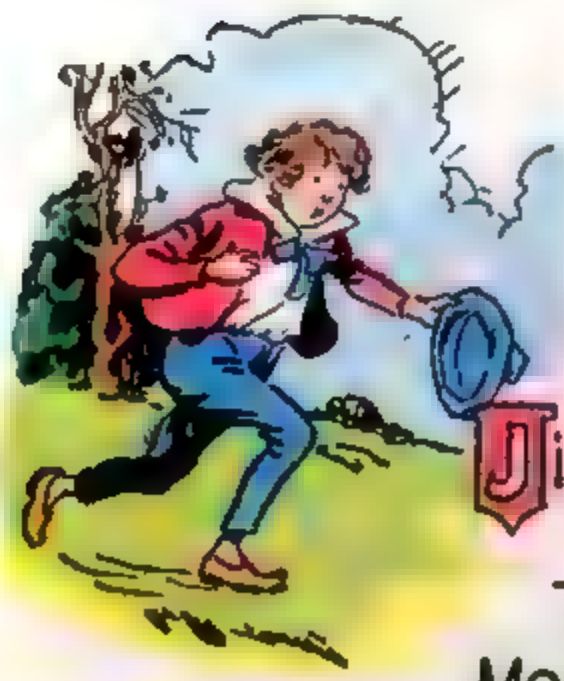
Humpty Dumpty sat on
a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a
great fall;
All the King's horses and all
the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again.

JACK and JILL

Jack and Jill went up
the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke
his crown,
And Jill came tumbling
after.



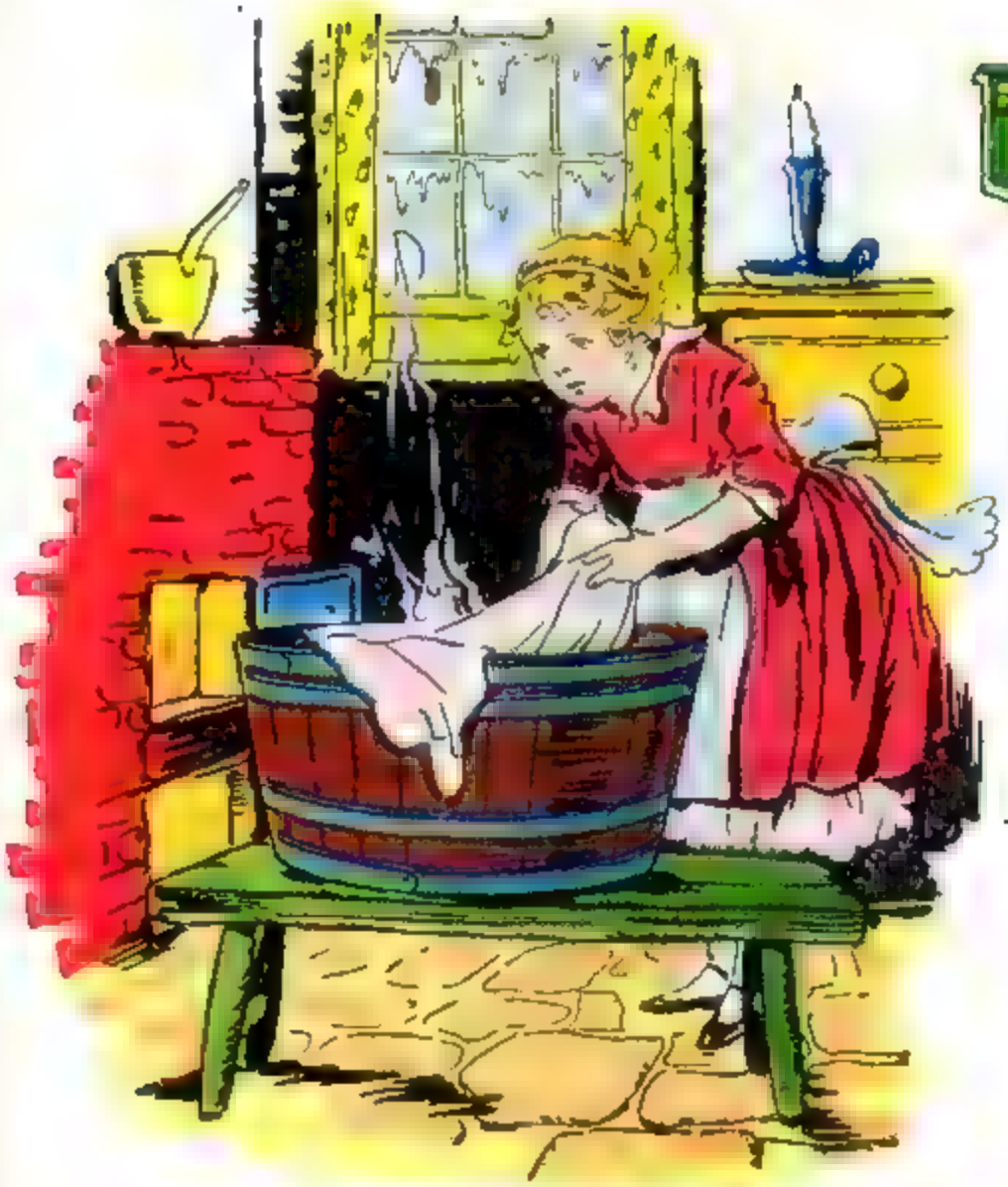
Then up Jack got and
home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown
paper.



Jill came in and she
did grin
To see his paper plaster;
Mother, vexed, did whip
her next
For causing Jack's disaster.

Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush

Here we go round
the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush,
the mulberry-bush,
Here we go round
the mulberry-bush,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

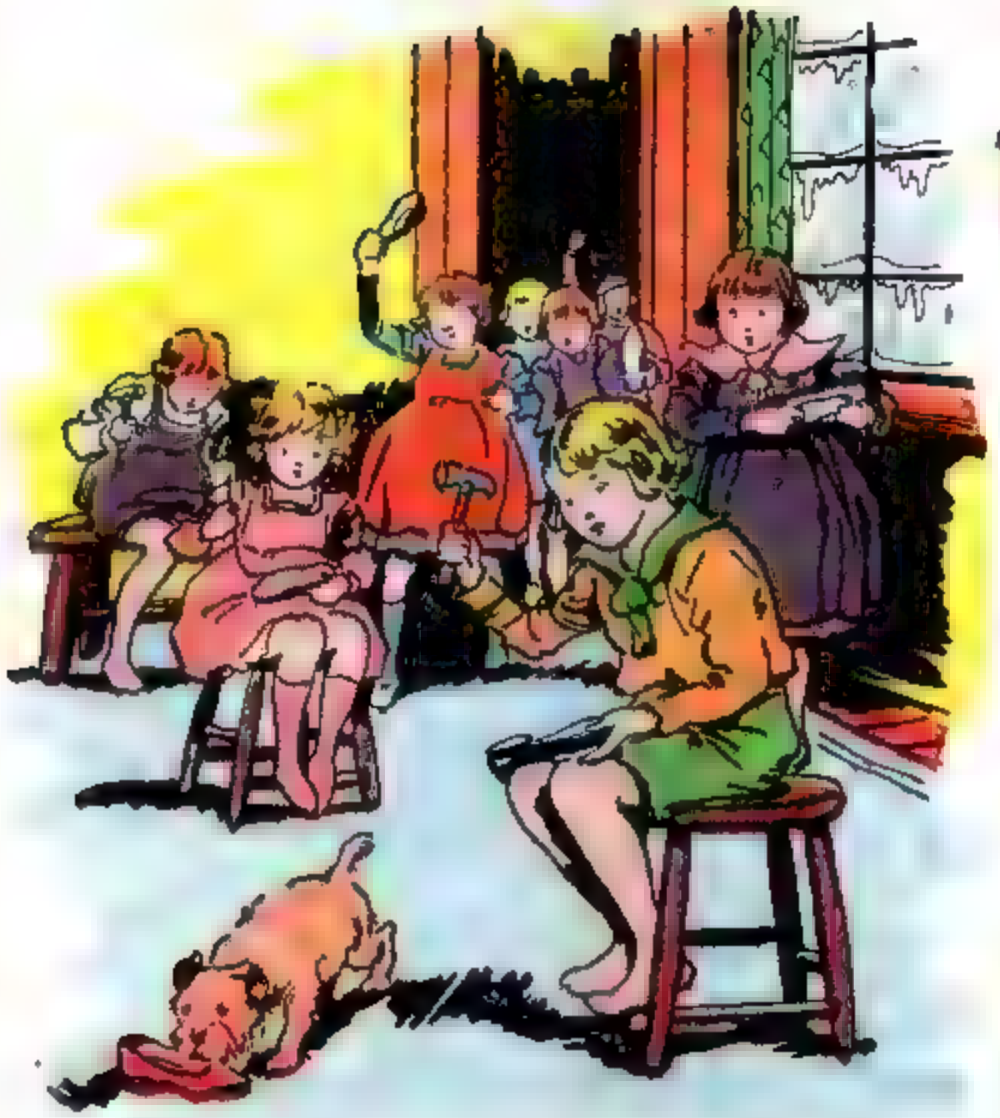


This is the way we
wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes,
wash our clothes,
This is the way we
wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

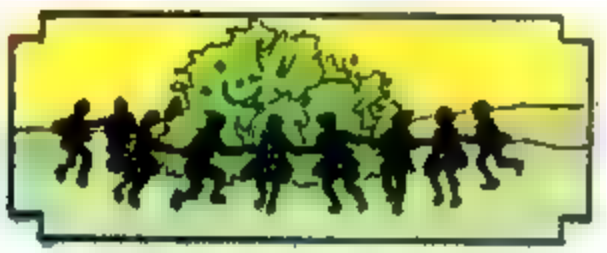
This is the way we
iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes,
iron our clothes,
This is the way we
iron our clothes,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

This is the way we
go to school,
Go to school,
go to school,
This is the way we
go to school,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

This is the way we
sweep our rooms,
Sweep our rooms,
sweep our rooms,
This is the way we
sweep our rooms,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

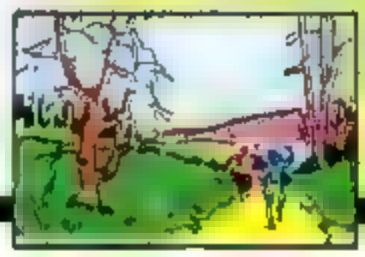


This is the way we
mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes,
mend our shoes,
This is the way we
mend our shoes,
On a cold and frosty
morning.



This is the way we come
home from school,
Home from school,
home from school,
This is the way we come
home from school,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

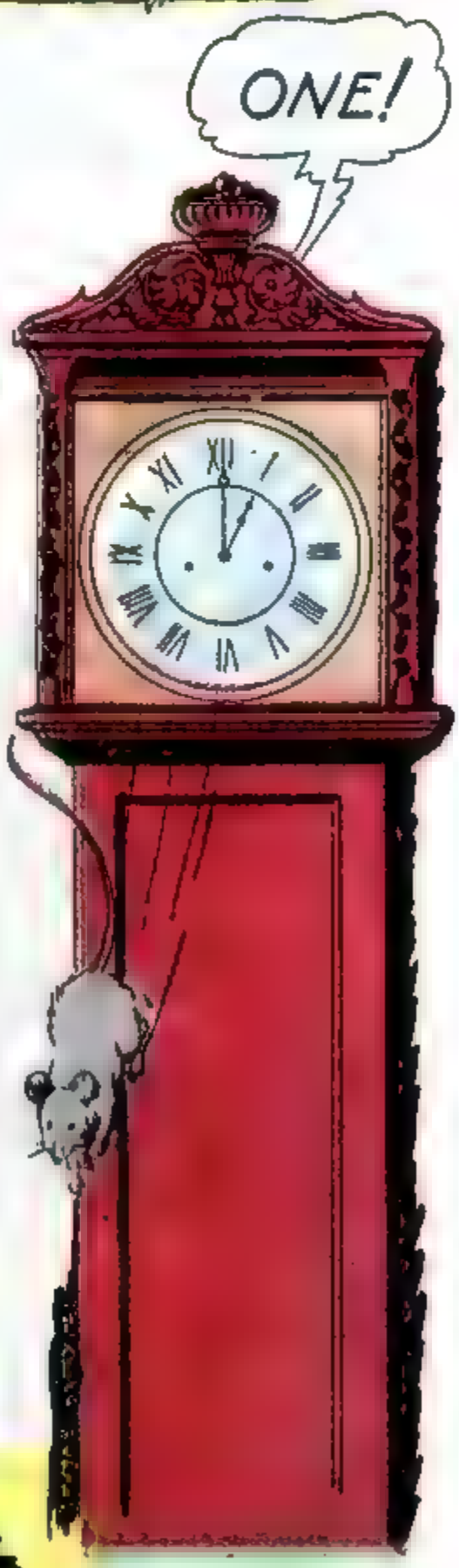
This is the way we
do our hair,
Do our hair,
do our hair,
This is the way we
do our hair,
On a cold and frosty
morning.



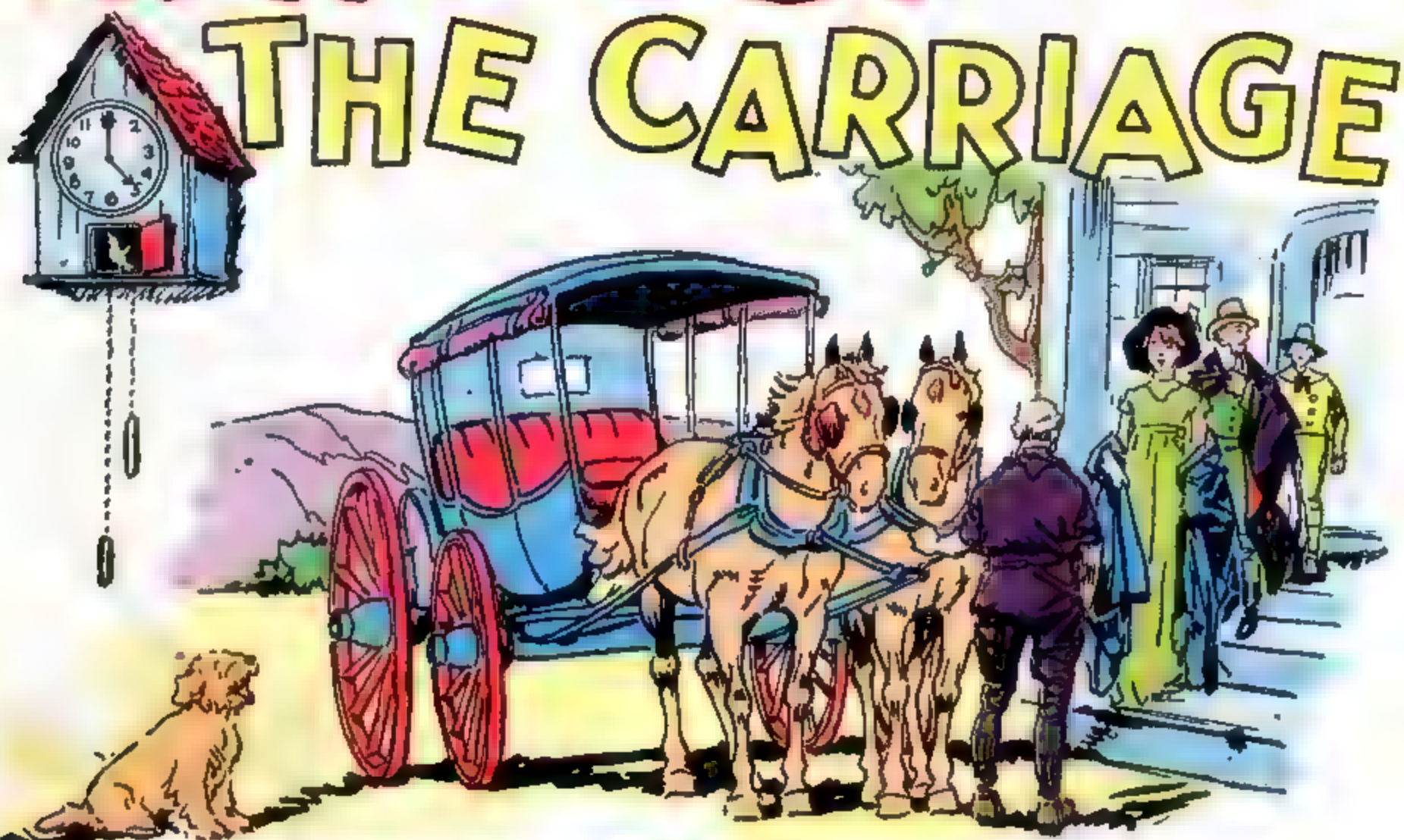
This is the way we
wash our hands,
Wash our hands,
wash our hands,
This is the way we
wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty
morning.

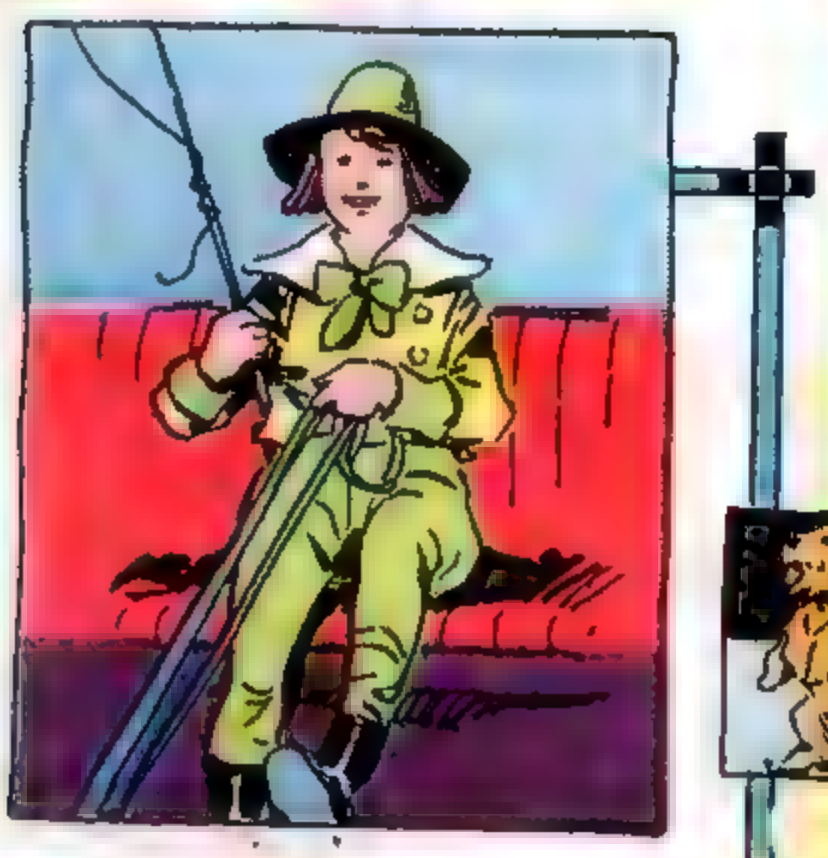
Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, dickory,
dock!
The mouse ran up
the clock;
The clock struck
one,
The mouse ran
down,
Hickory, dickory
dock!



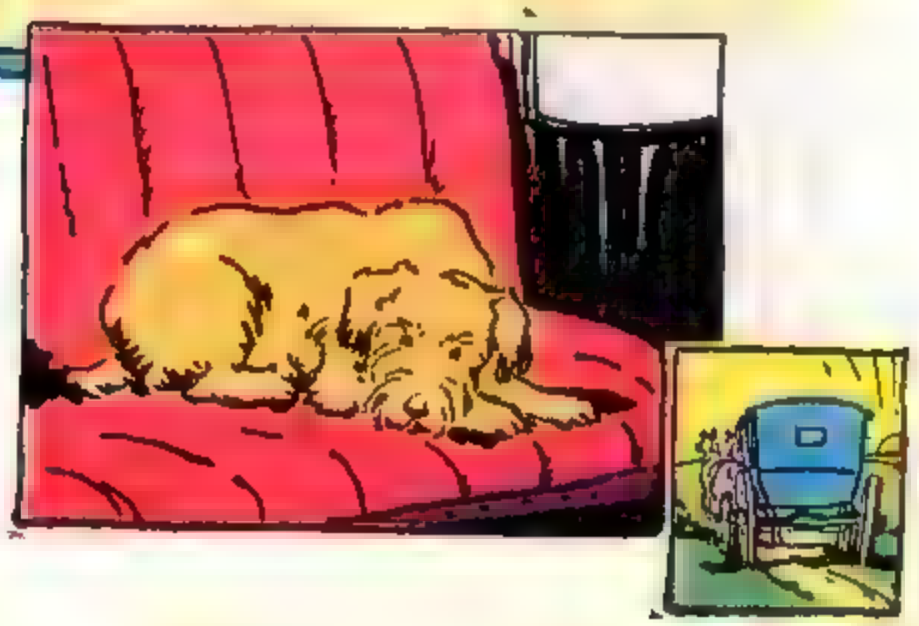
BRING OUT THE CARRIAGE





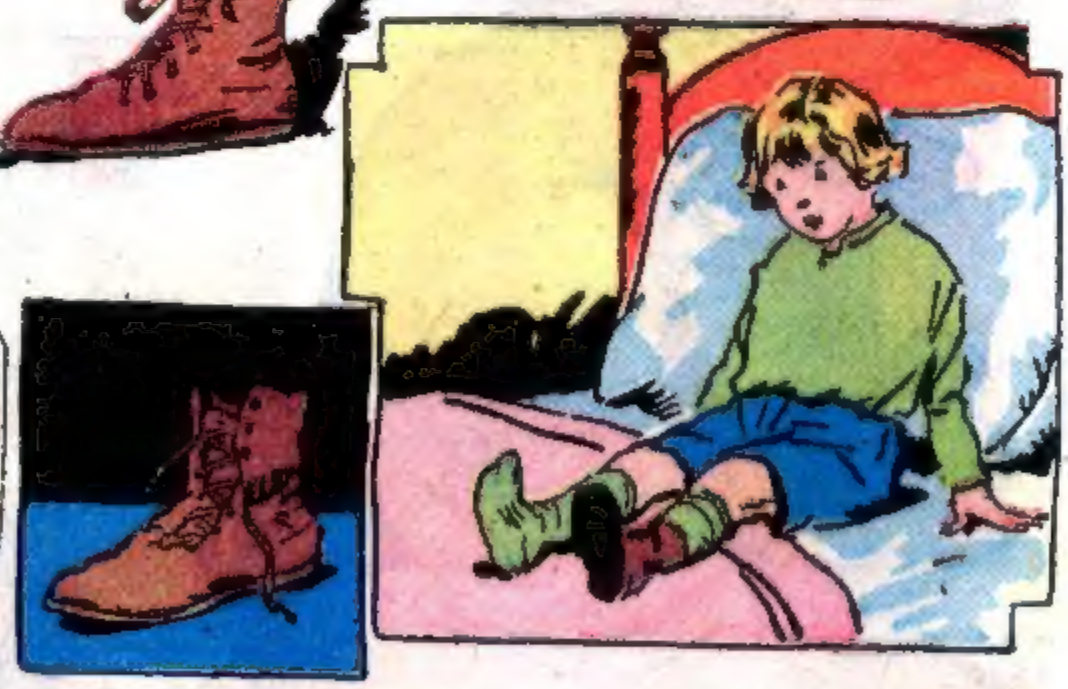
Bring out the carriage,
exactly at five,
We'll all go riding and
Harry shall drive.

The little dog Tray shall
run by our side,
And when he is tired, he
may jump in and ride.



DEEDLE, DEEDLE DUMPLING

Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John,
He went to bed with his
stockings on;



One shoe off and one
shoe on;
Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John.

TO BED, TO BED

"To bed, to bed," says Sleepy-head;

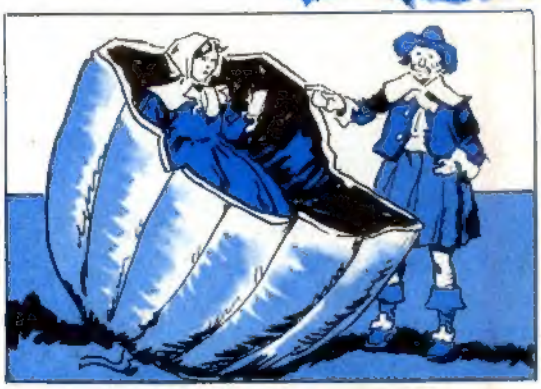
"Let's wait awhile," says Slow..

"Put on the pan," says Hungry Nan,

"Let's eat before we go."

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;



He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another but didn't love her.

Peter learned to read and spell
And then he loved her very well.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and
he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"